UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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Has the Church a Monopoly of Religion?

By JOSEPH ERNEST McAFEE

The Tomb of Lenin

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Gandhi As Iconoclast

By WILFRED WELLOCK

Professor Macintosh on War

An Important Letter

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

The Technique of the Non-Violent Revolution in India

Gandhi's Ten Commands Issued From Prison to His Followers

(1) Withdraw every form of cooperation from the government.

(2) Carry out the resolutions of the All-India Congress working committee, no matter what hardship or loss of life and property is involved.

(3) Discard every trace of violence from your heart; give absolute protection to every English man, woman or child.

(4) Discard all drugs, narcotics and intoxicating drinks.

(5) Fast, pray and meditate.

(6) Remember that the boycott is our main weapon. There may be ordinances by the dozen, arrests galore, massacre unbridled. This is the price every nation pays for its freedom. The boycott is the weapon which will bring England to her knees. No power on earth can make you buy a thing unless you wish to.

(7) Refuse to touch anything English. Regarding other foreign goods, buy them only if you cannot dispense with them. Remember that every imported article means customs revenue for the government—money which will go toward the purchase of munitions to kill you and those you love.

(8) It is your bounden duty to prevent every cent from going into the government coffers. Use the posts, telegraphs and railroads as little as possible, because these are the means by which the government extorts revenue from you.

(9) Refuse to buy any government securities.

(10) Discard foreign garments and wear homespun.

Appreciations of India and Her Culture

By World Leaders

Mahatma Gandhi

"I am wedded to India because I believe absolutely that she has a mission for the world. . . . My religion has no geographical limits. I have a living faith in it which will transcend even my love for India herself.

"For me, patriotism is the same as humanity. I am patriotic because I am human and humane. My patriotism is not exclusive. I will not hurt England or Germany to serve India. Imperialism has no place in my scheme of life. A patriot is so much less a patriot if he is a lukewarm humanitarian."

Rabindranath Tagore

"India has her renaissance. She is preparing to make her contribution to the world of the future. In the past she produced her great culture, and in the present she has an equally important contribution to make to the culture of the New World which is emerging from the wreckage of the Old."

(*Continued on page* 343)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CVIII MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1932 Number 21

ILLUMINATION

They (Homer, Aeschylus, Dante, Shakespeare) had access to an illumination which came within their beings, as sunlight comes within the sea.

I believe that this illumination exists eternally, and that all may know it in some measure, by effort or through grace. Those who deny it can never have felt it. It is so intense that, compared with it, no other sensation seems to exist or to be real. It is so bright that all else seems to be shadow. It is so penetrating that in it the littlest thing, the grain of sand, the flower of the weed, or the plume upon a moth's wing, are evidences of the depth and beauty and unity of Life.

This Life upon this Planet, and this Planet herself are parts or shadows or roots of something intenser and greater. We who are mortals are only partially incarnate, partially sentient, partially spiritual.

But invisibly, very near us, touching us all, is a real world, of divine order and beauty, inhabited by spirits, whose mission it is to bring order and beauty, where they can, to mortal souls who are struggling for such things; and remote as this world is in so many ways, its messengers are constant and its centre is everywhere. The life of that world is all ecstasy of understanding, it is all that instant perception and lasting rapture which we know as poetry.

—John Masefield

The postponement, or rather (to be honest!) the abandonment of the Lausanne conference on reparations is an unhappy augury for the Geneva conference on disarmament. On the very day that Miss Woolley and Senator Swanson set sail for European shores, the word came that the reparations parley was "off." The reasons for this announcement were obvious enough. Chancellor Bruening had stated that Germany could not and would not continue payment of reparations; Premier Laval had retorted with the declaration that Germany could and would continue payment of reparations. Here was an *impasse*—and why not admit it? Why have a conference when nothing could be done? So the nations abandon all attempts to grapple with the international financial situation, and chaos slips and slides into catastrophe. It is probable that the Geneva conference will at least open, although Secretary Stimson's postponement of his departure would seem to indicate a fear, or hope, on his part that he may not be required to make the trip. But suppose that the conference does meet and actually get under way—what real prospect is there of any agreement for the reduction of armies and navies? The *impasse* at Geneva would seem to be as hopeless as the *impasse* at Lausanne, and in the former case, exactly as in the latter, the responsibility is with France. Confident of her own strength, the Republic proposes to abandon neither her financial nor military dominance. Which means, if things are not to go utterly to pieces, that Britain, Italy, Germany and the United States must find some means of breaking down France's self-sufficiency and bringing her to terms! But nations which have failed to act in the case of Japan in Asia would seem to be unlikely to act in the case of France in Europe. The future looks dark, to say the least. Yet we cannot help remembering that it is darkest just before dawn. Reasonable or unreasonable, we must still lift Robert Browning's cry, "Fight on, fare ever!"

Who is free in India? Roman Catholics, evidently, but not Protestants! The missionary field in that unhappy country is presenting interesting contrasts. For example, there is in India today a certain Roman priest—Father Elwyn, by name—who is actively and dramatically espousing the cause of Gandhi and Indian freedom. So unusual is this Father Elwyn, that we reprint herewith an impressive account of him as taken from the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* (December 15, 1931):

"I am a stranger, an Englishman, an enemy between you, but I say I am the greatest lover of the freedom of the world and would like to see you victorious in your war against Britain," declared Father Elwyn, addressing the students of the Meerut College. He was dressed in a *khadi kurta*, loin-cloth and sandals and looked very unlike a *Padri* that he was. He was accompanied by Acharya Kripalani.

Speaking on non-violence, Father Elwyn said that the action by Government in India will have a devastating influence both on India and England. Great Britain had, no doubt, fought successfully against Germany in a war which entailed immense loss of life and property but she had also succeeded at the same time in degrading herself morally, spiritually and materially. Violence, according to Father Elwyn, was the greatest obstacle to World Unity and Peace. History bore testimony to the fact that it was only Love and Truth that were victorious in the end.

Father Elwyn went on to say, as our own Dr. Sunderland has so often said, that "Gandhiji was the greatest friend of Britain." Now some months ago, there was a Protestant missionary, Dr. Keithan, who supported the Mahatma as this Roman priest has done, only much less dramatically and decisively. Very promptly this

honest Christian gentleman was repudiated by the Board of Foreign Missions and relieved of his position. Again, within a few weeks, another Protestant missionary has suffered—Rev. G. B. Halstead, social director of the Lucknow Christian College. This man wrote an article for the *Indian Social Reformer* after Gandhi's arrest, calling upon the Christian missionaries of India to support the Mahatma's campaign for the independence of his country. The result was the prompt demand of the government for Mr. Halstead's recall and the equally prompt compliance of the missionary society with this demand. Mr. Halstead is now looking for a job! It is obvious enough that, among Protestants at least, the object of adoration in India must be Caesar and not Christ. But why are Roman Catholics immune? Is it because the Pope insists that Christ comes first?

Has Japan's action in Manchuria destroyed the League of Nations? Yes, if the League takes this action lying down, and thus does nothing about it. But it is not too late to do something. Right in the Covenant itself is the prescription of policy to be followed when a member of the League violates the compact and establishes a state of war, as Japan has done in the Far East. We would not have the other members go to war against the offender—this would only make a bad matter infinitely worse by sanctioning Japan's resort to arms. But we would have them withdraw their ambassadors, deny postal and credit facilities, and inaugurate an economic blockade. China's boycott may in the end break down all the might of arms that her antagonist can bring against it. Let the world do on an international scale what China is doing nationally, and would not the result be decisive? So with the Briand-Kellogg Treaty! It is being said everywhere today that Japan has made "a scrap of paper" of this sacred pact. But has she? Yes, if the other signatories to the Treaty remain inactive and acquiescent. But suppose they take the action which Secretary Stimson has practically threatened in behalf of the United States—that all treaties, arrangements, agreements of every kind incident to any settlement of the Manchurian problem by authority of Japanese arms, shall be regarded as null and void! Since the Mikado's government has done its utmost to destroy the Kellogg Treaty, then it can make no further treaties, lest it destroy these also at its pleasure. This action would morally outlaw Japan from the political life of the world. It would make her a pariah among the nations. And incidentally it would bring her to terms, and thus vindicate the Briand-Kellogg Treaty as humanity's law of peace. So the situation in Manchuria is by no means hopeless. The trouble is that the great powers, conscious of their own sins in the past, and of their own imperial necessities in the future, are reluctant to find the way to act.

We imagine that attempts to reassure the public and thus to preserve a confident temper in the community are to be regarded with approval. But is it right, or in the long run wise, to achieve this end by means of deliberate deception? This question, be it said, is not directed to the cheery prognostications which our business men and bankers have made at regular weekly or monthly intervals ever since the stock crash of two years ago. These men have not tried to deceive anybody—they have only been trying deperately to keep up their courage by whistling in the grave-yard. And even if their purpose was deception, it has failed so egregiously as to become ridiculous. No, our inquiry pertains to certain other and much more serious devices which have recently come to public attention. Thus, according to uncontradicted reports, the national government has authorized banks to reckon bonds and other holdings in their assets at their par value instead of at their market value. In much the same spirit, and of course entirely to the same end, the government of New York State has authorized the insurance companies to report their condition as of last June instead of as at the close of business in December. No mention is made in either case, so far as we can make out, of any obligation to tell the public what is being done. Figures are simply to be published without explanation, and of course on this basis representing wholly fictitious values. We call this deception —or, to be more accurate—*lying!* If a broker, selling securities to banks, deliberately misrepresents their value, he is adjudged guilty of a felony. If a banker, listing securities in his bank, deliberately misrepresents their value, why should he not also be adjudged guilty of a felony? And what about an insurance company, which is perhaps bankrupt today, going ahead and soliciting business on its financial statement of months ago? We are getting along in years, and we suppose our ideas are becoming old-fashioned. But we none the less believe that there is such a thing as honesty, and that even in times like these there should be no moratorium upon honesty.

The disappearance from the scene of M. Briand is not surprising. He shot his bolt on the foolish day he ran for the presidency of the French republic, and thus gave his enemies a chance to flesh their barbs. But his disappearance from the field surely calls for more comment than has yet appeared, for Briand has been one of the half-dozen most important statesmen in Europe since the close of the World War. If only because of his relations with Stresemann and the effort made, almost successfully, by these two men to bind Germany and France together before their severance

wrecked the world, Briand is entitled to our gratitude. He was a vigorous fighter, in his mind clearly aware of the peril threatening Europe, in his heart unquestionably eager for the establishment of peace. Let it never be forgotten that he initiated the negotiations which, as taken up by Kellogg, led to the signing of the Briand-Kellogg Treaty. But it still remains a fact that the ultimate truth was never in him. Briand was not built in the beginning of heroic fibre. Thus, take his youthful Socialism! For years he was one of the outstanding radicals of his country. Then to him, as to MacDonald, there came the opportunity to practise what he had been preaching. In the famous railroad strike, he had the chance to make France Socialistic in a night. But, no!—just like MacDonald in the hour of crisis, he ran to the rescue of his enemies, and broke the power of labor. In the same way he betrayed his convictions in 1914. Instead of resisting the war, as Jaurés did, he became a "patriot," and whooped it up for "la patrie" like any chauvinist. Always Briand has fallen short. This is the reason, of course, why he has never really achieved anything for his own country, or for Europe, or for the League of Nations, or for international brotherhood. At bottom a time-server, he passes almost unnoticed into a well-earned oblivion.

Lytton Strachey, dead on January 21st last, was a master of his craft. This craft was not as new as his admirers sometimes imagined. It went back at least as far as Tacitus, Suetonius, and Plutarch. It did not even originate the modern "debunking" craze in biographical writing, though it powerfully contributed thereto. Strachey was simply a literary artist, one of the greatest of his kind, who suddenly found himself in revolt against the modern tendency to reduce biography—properly as perfect an art as poetry and the drama—to the mere mass chronicling of letters, diaries, and the infinite minutae of a great man's life. A biography, in Strachey's mind, should be like a painting, selective of its material and therefore interpretative. It should represent not a mere piling up of detail, but a distillation of this detail into the pure essence of truth. He hated the vast, two-volume official "life," which represented a mere accumulation, and left to the reader all the task of assortment and assessment. It was the business of the biographer himself, said Strachey, to do this job, putting into a single clear and compact sentence the fruitage of the study of a dozen volumes. What Strachey did, after the model of his earlier and almost forgotten predecessors, was to change our works of biography from mere material sources into genuine works of art. He ranked his achievements at once with the best achievements of the finest literary workers of his time in other fields. He did this because he was no mere grubber and grabber, but a creative artist of the first order of intelligence. His style was the perfection of clarity and beauty. His dramatic as well as psychological instinct was infallible. His taste was almost always impeccable, his sense of truth imperative. If he was in the beginning at least an acid commentator, a ruthless vivisector of reputations, and therefore superficially at least a "debunker," it was because he was in revolt also against idle and empty hero-worship. But in his masterpiece, "Victoria," he was as tender and gracious as any man.

Has the Church a Monopoly of Religion?

The question cannot be disposed of with an Of-course-not. It is true that church leaders generally admit that there is much religion outside of the churches. But it is also true that the fact is deplored. Sometimes the churches reproach themselves for this state of affairs and sometimes the religious minded who stand aloof from the churches are censured. Back of most remarks upon the subject is an implication that these things ought not to be. There is a feeling that the church ought to have a monopoly of religion, even if it actually has not.

It is this attitude which forward-looking citizens should now challenge and combat. In their very nature the churches are incapable of mediating religion for the community. We ought no longer to allow them, unchallenged, to make the claim. They are private clubs. They may concern themselves with ideas and activities which their members identify as religious. None should be disposed to rob church members of any of the intellectual or emotional satisfactions which they derive from church affiliations. But these affiliations are optional and do not entitle church members to judgment upon fellow-citizens who do not choose to follow their course. Many church members deplore the irreligion of the unchurched. This is not only an unappreciated gratuity on their part, but it implies a status for the church as *the* institution of religion which is not properly accorded it.

This is a much more vital matter than is generally appreciated. Religion is in the way of losing its real character by persistent identification of it with the churches. For multitudes what the churches have to offer is worthless. These increasing numbers of citizens are too likely to conclude that religion is therefore worthless. For multitudes inside the churches, church ideas and activities are cheap, fit to occupy leisure time when one has any to spare, at best avocational side-issues not to be allowed to mix or interfere with the vocational, really significant issues of life. For these religion also is cheap, as inconsequential as the institu-

tion which is assumed to mediate if not monopolize it.

It is important, therefore, on every account that the status of the church as *the* institution of religion should be disallowed. The churches are not mediating religion-for-the-community. They have no right to say what religion is or ought to be. They are not the custodians of religion, nor are their leaders religious authorities for the community. At their best, as already remarked, the churches are private clubs which foster certain opinions and sentiments and activities which their members choose to believe have religious validity for them. There is nothing in the churches' program which has universal validity as an expression of religion.

Where, then, lies the seat of authority in religion? The asking of such a question usually reveals bewilderment as to the nature of democratic society, and, indeed, of any human society. The seat of authority for the community lies in the community. No human society can accord final authority in any social category to an outside agent or agency, nor to a fragment of itself.

It is true that several religious groups in our American society set up claims to absolute authority in religion, vested in agents outside of society or in themselves. Since this is a free country any individual or group can say almost anything. All good democrats believe in free speech, even when that freedom is abused. The claims of these religious groups are not entirely innocuous; there follow in their train certain social evils of which society must in the end make reckoning. But it is not the way of democratic society to employ arbitrary measures by way of suppressing even such arbitrary claims. Persecution even of socially noxious religious cults is not countenanced by a free society.

Yet the enlightened intelligence of the community should not mistake the character of these claims to religious authority. They are arbitrary. They have no universal validity. However the members may concede or cherish the claims of their respective cults, the claims are, from the point of view of the community, pure assumption, not to say presumption, and have no validity.

What authority in religion has the community to offer by way of substitute for the claims of hierarchical churches? This question also misconstrues the nature of human society. The community has no substitute to offer,—except itself. The community is itself the shrine of religion. All of its institutions are the functionaries of religion. It does not play favorites among them. Certainly it accords hierarchical authority to none.

It means much for social progress that this assumed ecclesiastical monopoly shall be broken. Many valuable community enterprises now languish whose development requires access to the fund of religious urges and impulses which reside in abundance in most communities. These are now inaccessible. They lie dormant, bottled up in the churches. On the other hand, activities which should gain clear recognition and support as religious are questioned and discounted because they do not bear the ecclesiastical label.

Here is a concrete individual case which might be duplicated with variations many times in almost every community. A man now 60 is an officer in a welfare agency which renders high-grade, scientific service on a country-wide, indeed on a world-wide scale. In his youth he was a zealous and efficient officer in his local church. He now does not attend the church nor does he give it practical consideration beyond perfunctory financial aid. When questioned about his course he frankly states that the church affords him no spiritual satisfaction, nor does it provide worthy outlet for his religious activities. After immersion throughout the week in the far-reaching social problems incident to his vocation, his Sundays are dedicated to diversions which the church does not and cannot provide. His pastor deplores his defection, and the devout generally lament his falling away from the rectitude and devotion of his youth.

As a matter of fact there has been no moral or spiritual lapse. On the contrary, his religious nature has expanded with his years. He is rendering service today of more profound religious significance than ever before in his life. Yet he is reputed to have become irreligious. He has fallen away, is a sheep strayed from the fold. Judgments like this are silly and the system which breeds them is a travesty upon religion.

Religion, rightly conceived, is farthest from cultivating intolerance or dogmatism. Rather it makes the whole community alert in the search for any and all measures designed to build up the good life. Instead of stifling independence in thinking or initiative in social activity, it accords them its richest benediction. These touch upon and express the vitals of religion. What might a community not be and do for the good and the holy, where all the citizens were not only free to initiate and cooperate for the common good, but were inspired by all the hopes and sanctities of religion to make such citizenship the supreme end of existence! How completely would petty greeds and strife for private and group advantage, now actually encouraged by ecclesiastical practice, be swallowed up in the joys of realizing the good of each and all in the common good! How effectually would the blighted and withered definitions of the good and the holy now fostered by our churches be supplanted by aims and ends in life which would enlist the enthusiasms of real people for

real goodness and for good things which make life really good!

Most of our vexing social problems of today would dissipate under the spell of such a religious regimen. And to think that we have right now in our typical American communities the essential makings of such a society, and that all needed to bring it to the realization is a patient, alert and visionful leadership! Oh, Lord! How long?

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

Jottings

The theatre men oppose the proposed new taxes on admission tickets. The automobile men declare that the proposed 5 per cent tax on automobiles would be fatal to the industry. The tobacco men protest that smoking is the poor man's solace, and that there should therefore be no additional tax on cigars and cigarettes. All of which is human! But where are the new taxes coming from?

Now that the bankers have received $2,000,000,000 from the government, we presume that they will keep right on arguing that the government should stay out of private business. Stay out when it's a matter of control or direction; come right in when it's a matter of money grants!

"Bulgaria has been successively crippled by peace treaties, earthquakes, and agricultural depression."—Vienna despatch in the New York *Times*.

And of these three calamities, we haven't a doubt that the greatest is peace treaties.

Farmers are bringing into town produce to barter for goods. A resourceful bank teller, in an Indiana city where all banks are closed, sets up a table at a street-corner and does a thriving business as a money-changer. Nudists cults are flourishing. Steadily, in other words, we seem to be slipping back to primitive times.

It is estimated that not less than 6,000,000 workers are unemployed in America today. According to Secretary Lamont, 86,814 workers were employed in making beer in 1914. And the "wets" want to restore 4 per cent beer to end unemployment! And there are those who think the "wets" are sincere and well-informed.

Steam to drive aeroplanes! Then, we suppose, candles to light their cabins.

J. H. H.

The Tomb of Lenin

I was recently in Moscow strolling about the avenues of the Kremlin, that amazing city built on the top of the hill above the Moscow River as a fortress to resist in ancient times the incursions of Tartar hordes from the distant steppes of Asia. In this city, which was the first Moscow, are many churches, and one of these churches is the burial place of the kings of Muscovy. We entered the gloomy portal of this church, and there saw the marble sarcophagi of some fifty tsars who had reigned before the days of Peter the Great. Some of these tsars were known to us—Ivan the Terrible, who built the gorgeous and grotesque towers of the Cathedral of St. Basil, and Boris Godounoff, who was later celebrated in the famous opera by Moussorgsky. But most of them were merely names and we did not even take the trouble to stop and identify their tombs. Here were these kings who had been mighty in their day, who had worn crowns upon their heads and carried scepters in their hands, who had led great armies to great victories on fields of battle, and here their bodies lay unrecognized and almost unvisited. It was not difficult in this ancient church, already tumbling into ruin, to imagine the time when its walls would be only so much dust and its graves not even a memory in men's minds. And I thought of the comment of Washington Irving on the graves in Westminster Abbey, so appropriate here as there:

> This is the empire of death—his great shadowy palace, where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name. . . . Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand, and their epitaphs but characters written in the dust.

But there is another tomb in Moscow. This tomb is outside and not inside the Kremlin wall, not under the gloomy arches of a church but in the open air and sunlight of the day, not hidden away from the eyes and feet of men but placed in a public square where hurried throngs go sweeping by through all the hours alike of day and night. This is the tomb of Lenin—that enormous pile of red marble, gathered in separate blocks from all parts of the Soviet Republic, within which lies the body of the world's greatest revolutionist. The setting is impressive. All about is the wide expanse of the Red Square, which I have come to regard as incomparably the greatest square that I have ever seen in any European city. On one side there stretches the huge bulk of the Kremlin wall, which has stood there for a thousand years as a defense of tsars against their enemies, and during the last two generations as a defense of tsars against their people. At the foot of this wall there lie the graves of several hundred men and women who were killed on the streets of Moscow in the October fighting in 1917, and who are therefore revered as the martyrs of the Revolution. Scattered among them are the ashes of certain Americans—John

Reed, Bill Haywood, Paxton Hibben. Just in the center, guarded day and night by Red sentinels standing ceaselessly at salute, there looms the tomb of Lenin.

You go there at seven o'clock in the evening, when it is open to the people, and you see a great line of men, women, and even children reaching to the farthest corner of the square. There are always hundreds, sometimes thousands, of persons waiting to enter the famous sepulchre. You step to the head of the line, announce yourself as an American, and immediately, with that exceeding courtesy characteristic of the Soviets in their relations with foreigners, you are admitted to the solemn portals. You turn to the left and descend a long flight of marble stairs. At the foot of the stairs you turn to the right and find yourself in a large subterranean chamber, in the middle of which lies the body of Lenin not hidden away in a mausoleum but exposed to view like a recumbent statue. The body is supported by a pedestal and lies as though asleep upon a bed. High above it rises the gable roof of a glass canopy, hermetically sealed, I understand, against the outer air. At head and foot stand sentinels in the familiar uniform of the Red soldier and with bayoneted rifles held rigidly at attention. The body is illuminated with a flood of light, and it is not until you have returned to the gathering darkness of the square above that you realize you have not noticed whence the light comes or how it is shed upon the sleeping figure. The body is clothed in the simple garb of a Russian workman, with no adornment or decoration, except that on the left breast there appears the Red emblem of the Order of Lenin. The right arm, if I remember rightly, lies parallel with the body, while the left arm is crossed upon the breast. You stand first at the head—then walk along the length of the body to the feet, where you pause for a moment and gaze at the great man as he lies stretched before you in his unending slumber. Then you walk to the left, again along the line of the body, until you return to the head. There you find yourself at the foot of another long flight of steps which you slowly climb back to the upper air and to the great crowd waiting there to enter the tomb.

I have seen many tombs in my life. I am an indefatigable explorer of cemeteries. I hunt the bones of dead men as archaeologists hunt the ruins of dead cities. I have stood by the grave of Darwin in Westminster Abbey, and of William Shakespeare in the little church at Stratford-on-Avon. I have found that lovely corner under the ruined arches of Dryburgh, near the quiet waters of the River Tweed, where rest the bones of the great and good Sir Walter Scott. I have thrice visited the tomb of Napoleon, which I regard as the most splendid monument ever reared by the hand of man to the memory of a great soldier. I never see this sepulchre without thinking of the tomb of General Grant on Riverside Drive in this city, and of that other tomb on the other side of the world, in Damascus, of the great Saladin, where you see upon the casket the huge turban which was worn by this great king of the Saracens and the curved scimitar which he carried into battle. I always love to think of the tomb of George Washington, so noble in its simplicity, and so beautiful in its ideal location upon the banks of the Potomac River. Very similar to this, located on the highest point of the highest hill overlooking the city of Genoa and the blue waters of the Mediterranean, is the tomb of Mazzini, who won the same freedom for Italy that Washington won for America. And always there are the tombs of the Pharaohs, those vast chambers of mystery and gloom, hidden away in the gigantic pyramids, or buried deep down through subterranean channels underneath the spreading sands of Egypt. It would seem as though man had exhausted his ingenuity in doing reverence to those whose names he would perpetuate upon the site of the last resting-place of their earthly dust. But it has remained for the Bolsheviki of Russia to do what has never been done before.

The one unique and unforgettable feature of the tomb of Lenin is, of course, the public exhibition of his body. I find it curious that at the very time this spectacle was initiated by the Russians in the case of a man who had been dead only a comparatively few years, it was definitely abandoned by the Egyptians in the case of men who had been dead for many centuries. For there was a time, and not so long ago, when you could see in Egypt the mummified remains of Rameses II, Seti the Great, and others of the kings in the oldest dynasties of history. But when I went to Cairo in the spring of 1929, and asked to see the face of the Pharaoh who had ruled in Egypt when Moses was a slave, I was told that the royal mummies had been withdrawn from public gaze on the ground that they should no longer be used to satisfy the curiosity of vulgar crowds. But in Moscow there is no feeling of this kind at all. Is it because the Egyptian mummies are kings while Lenin was only a commoner? Is it because the modern Egyptians are superstitious about death, while the Bolsheviki are altogether delivered from such illusions? Or is it because the bodies of the Pharaohs are withered and dried and altogether unlovely, while Lenin's body lies there in simple naturalness and beauty, as though the great man were asleep? I found myself wondering as I looked upon his face, so perfect in its repose as to be well nigh incredible, if the good comrade, Krupskaya, the widow of Lenin, ever ventures to set foot within this quiet room, to gaze again upon the features of the man to whom she gave the devotion of a lifetime of stress and sacrifice.

It is to this matter of the body that one's thoughts are first directed in the tomb of Lenin. How was this spectacle accomplished? What new process of embalming was discovered by the Russian scientists? We do not know. Information as to what was done has never been given to the world. This is the reason, I suppose, why such curious stories have been told about the phenomenon. Thus it is said that every two weeks or less the glass case is lifted and the body elaborately massaged. The rumor is persistent that Lenin's real remains have long since been buried in the ground and are there mouldering away, while the figure seen is only a wax replica of the body. Such stories, of course, are untrue—the case is sealed and the body is real. But this only deepens the mystery. All we know is that the Bolsheviki, for reasons good and sufficient to themselves, undertook to embalm the mortal frame of their great leader so that it should never fade away, but, on the contrary, be preserved forever to the sight of men. This had never been done before in the same way in human history. But these Bolsheviki did it! They undertook and wrought the miracle. I can only confess, after looking upon this body, that I regard it as one of the most remarkable achievements in human experience—the deliberate preservation of the

flesh to immortality. Inevitably you feel a sense of awe as you stand in this strange presence and realize that it is to lie there week after week, year after year, century after century, for an indefinite time to come, so that children to the tenth or the twentieth generation may visit and see it, just as though you and I could go to certain places today and see the bodies of Julius Caesar, or Plato, or Moses.

But one has other and deeper thoughts about this spectacle—or at least may I say that *I* had such thoughts. Somehow or other, as I gazed upon Lenin's face, there seemed to sweep over my mind a sense of defeat to match my initial sense of amazing victory. For why should anyone want to preserve this poor garment of the flesh? Why should these Russians desire to show this body to the living gaze of men? Most of us are content to abandon the bodies of our loved ones and thus let the dust return unto the dust from which it came. Many of us—those I feel who are truly wise,—are quick to burn the body, so that it may be speedily and cleanly reduced to ashes and scattered to the four winds of heaven. We know that the ancient Egyptians clung to the flesh because they desired to preserve the individuality of the dead into the eternal life on the other side of the grave, since they believed, according to the tenets of their faith, that the body must be preserved if the soul also was to be preserved. The Russians cling to the flesh for what reason if not that they also desire to preserve the individuality of their dead, not on the other side of the grave, to be sure, but on this side of the grave, and find the preservation of the body necessary to this end?

These Communists, let me remind you, are materialists, and such expedient is surely the perfect logic of their faith. For they find the wholeness of man's being in the mechanism of his material frame. From their point of view the body is all that man is within himself, and when this body ceases to function, the man himself, so far as his identity is concerned, has come to his final end. Therefore, if the body goes, everything goes, while if the body stays, something at least of the man may yet remain. It is a curious faith, this exclusive reliance upon material phenomena as the essence of reality. For does not all history reveal on the one hand that the physical substance of this world, in whatever forms and shapes it may appear, is bound sooner or later to be extinguished, while on the other hand, there are phases of survival involved in phenomena so intangible, imponderable, invisible that, in sheer desperation, for lack of a better word, we call them spiritual? In saying this I am not now debating the question of the survival of individuality after death. I am simply suggesting the plausibility of that spiritual interpretation of life which accepts this world as the abode of spiritual forces and finds therein certain channels of survival which are themselves innately spiritual. I may be myself the victim of superstition; perhaps I am inextricably caught, as in a trap, by the religious viewpoints in which I have been reared and trained. But I can only confess, as I would be as honest with you as with myself, that what I seemed to see in the tomb of Lenin was the desperate plight of a group of men who were panic-stricken at the death of their leader, upon whose life all of their destiny at that moment seemed to depend, and who found it therefore impossible that his influence upon the nation should be thus unexpectedly and decisively brought to an end. Something had escaped from them which must not be allowed to escape. Lenin must remain, survive, live on, even though he were dead before them. Yet there was no room in their philosophy for any belief in immortality either here or in the life beyond. Lenin had died long before his time in the most critical period of the history of the republic, and these materialists found themselves thrown deep into the very mystery of life and death, with nothing more substantial to sustain them than the mortal frame of this poor body of their hero. What should they do? What *could* they do? From the standpoint of their faith, or lack of faith, they did more than has ever hitherto been done in the history of mankind. They kept that body intact—and there it lies today as it will lie tomorrow, a real presence in the eyes of men.

But is this enough? Can these men be certain, for all their miracle, that this process of their embalming can endure forever? What if this body should wither and in the course of centuries become another mummy bearing witness only to the inevitable dissolution of things material? What if the chances and changes of this world should bring to this noble tomb what earlier chances and changes have brought to the equally noble tomb of Alexander the Great, whose royal ashes are now lost as definitely and permanently to the world as the ashes of Jesus of Nazareth himself, and the royal sepulchre become a mere exhibit in a public museum? "What is the security of a tomb?" says Washington Irving, in his meditations upon Westminster Abbey. "What is the perpetuity of an embalmment?" Surely the reliance of these Bolsheviki is a frail one. If the flesh is all, how transient is its stay, how feeble its influence, and how pitiful its memory. Is it strange, or perhaps perverse, that in this crowning triumph of the materialism of the Bolsheviki, the preservation of Lenin's body, I seem to see impressive demonstration of the essential reality not of the flesh but of the spirit? "Life," says Herbert Spencer, "is that which persists." But it is the soul which persists and never the body. For "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

This is not my only thought, however, of the tomb of Lenin. What did I see as I gazed upon this recumbent figure in the central shrine of the workingmen's republic? I saw what Bernard Shaw saw when he looked on Lenin. For it is recorded that Shaw remarked that here was obviously a man who was a thinker and not a worker. Pointing to the delicate hand that lay upon the breast, Shaw said that this was the hand of a man who had not only done no physical labor himself, but whose ancestors for six generations before him had done no labor. I was impressed not so much by the hand as by the head of the great man. What a head! A looming dome that surely housed one of the greatest brains the world has ever known. This is the head of a man not of the proletariat but of the intelligentsia, a man whose life was thought and never labor.

It is true that Lenin loved the workers. It is to his immortal glory that, born to the ranks of those who had escaped the sweat of toil, he returned to the multitudes who, like so many slaves, were doing the weary work of this weary world, and deliberately identified his life with theirs. Do you remember the famous funeral scene when Krupskaya, Lenin's widow,

rose up before the commissars and the assembled multitude of comrades, to pay tribute to her dead husband? The whole assembly rose to its feet in silence as this woman appeared before them to speak her word. She could not say to these leaders of the workingmen's revolution that Lenin was himself a workingman, but she did boast, in a voice which rose in pride above the currents of her sorrow, that "the inspiration of his life was his love for all men and women who worked." That love was great. It drove him like steam; it consumed him like flame. But he himself, in heritage and practice, was always outside the ranks of the working classes. When in the beginning the revolution was proclaimed of soldiers, sailors and peasants, Lenin found his place in no one of these three groups. When later the factory workers added themselves to the soldiers, sailors and peasants, he still had no place. He could lead these toilers, love them, live with them, if need be die for them, but he could not be one of them.

No, it was the irony of Lenin's fate that what he had to offer to the revolution was what no workingman as such could offer. He fired no gun, for he was not a soldier; he steered no ship, for he was not a sailor; he drove no plow, for he was not a peasant; he turned no wheels, for he was not a machinist. As much as any king he was apart from these workers of land and sea, of field and factory. Yet to their revolution he brought what was indispensable and what he alone could bring. Three things were his gift, the most precious gift that any man ever brought to any vast creative upheaval of human destiny.

First, he brought his vision—the vision of a new commonwealth of man upon the earth, the vision of a day when there should be no wealth among men, and therefore no poverty, but all men be equal in the happy enjoyment of their common heritage of earth. This vision was not unique with him; it has for ages been the vision of all true prophets of the better day for humankind. But he saw this vision with a definiteness of outline, a concreteness of character, and a surety of fulfilment, which are unparalleled. Nor was it his fate to see this vision alone, or to die with its glory all hidden away within his secret soul. He conveyed its glory to others, and lived to see it rise like a burning sun upon all the vast expanse of the largest country in the world.

Secondly, he brought his thought — a program worked out in the finest detail, a policy projected to the remotest areas of experience, a statesmanship compassing the deepest needs and farthest hazards of great adventure. The thought of Lenin was as creative in its originality and power as the thought of any of the greatest thinkers of human history. It was this capacity and range of thought, as applied to the defense of a great people in the cataclysmic crisis of revolution, which made Lenin in a few short years the greatest statesman that modern times has known.

Lastly, he brought his dedication of spirit—the utter sacrifice of everything that life had to offer to the service of his chosen purpose. It was this devotion which doomed him to a poverty so terrible in its rigor that I can compare it only to the poverty by which Mahatma Gandhi has chosen to discipline his life. Never was there greater singleness of purpose, more utter abnegation of all self-interest, more supreme sacrifice for a cause and crisis, than these which Lenin laid down as a voluntary offering upon the altar of mankind.

These were the gifts of Lenin—his vision, his thought, his dedication. It is these gifts which his successors would now perpetuate through all time to come. The Bolsheviki would pass on this precious heritage to generations yet unborn, and again to their children and their children's children. But these gifts are spiritual gifts! And the process of their passing is a spiritual process. By what device shall this contagion of example be perpetuated? Am I wrong in suggesting that, by another one of those ironies which so illumine the pages of history, the Bolsheviki have hit upon a device identical with that which has been used for centuries by no less a body than the Roman Catholic Church? What did I see as I gazed upon the body of Lenin and beheld in this mortal frame the "real presence," so to speak, of the immortal revolutionist? I saw rising up before me, as in a dream, the high mass of the Roman Church where is presented to all of the people the "real presence" of Christ Jesus, their Lord. When that mystic bell goes ringing through the cathedral spaces, as all bow in silent prayer before the altar, there suddenly appears the bread which is the body of Christ and the wine which is his blood. This is the "real presence" of the Redeemer set to convey to those who see it the precious life of him who lived and died for men. Down through the ages, by this strange device of the mass, has been transmitted the influence of Christ's example, that it may live again through generations unending in the hearts of all who believe in him and would follow in his steps. What other device than this are the Bolsheviki using in their exhibition of Lenin's body? Is it not the "real presence" which they are attempting to preserve and to transmit, and do they not hope that this "real presence" will work its change within men's hearts and make them live as Lenin lived and die as Lenin died for the great cause of Russia and her emancipated people? Here again the spirit triumphs. The word becomes flesh, and now the flesh becomes the word, for "man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

There is another and final thought which came to me within that tomb. Here in this reverent spectacle of Lenin's body we see the climax and apotheosis, so to speak, of what is one of the most remarkable phenomena of Soviet Russia. I refer to the omnipresence of Lenin, the living memory of Lenin, from the frontiers of the republic to the remotest corner of its vast area. Lenin is everywhere. You emerge from the railroad station in Leningrad and there in the public square you see a great statue of the revolutionist reared on the site where he climbed upon a gun-carriage on his first entrance into the capitol, and made his initial speech to the excited crowds. As you proceed upon your way, you see other statues, and busts, and pictures, and little images. It is as though the innumerable ikons of the ancient church were now replaced by equally innumerable replicas of the great revolutionist. He appears not only in the public squares and on the streets but in the theatres, the opera houses, the art galleries, the public buildings, the parks, the restaurants, the homes. I think I am not exaggerating when I say that there is hardly a public square in Russia which does not have its statue of Lenin, scarcely a hall or corridor which does not have his bust, scarcely a room

which does not have his picture. Even on the farms and in the peasant villages, hundreds of miles from Moscow, we saw in the houses of the people the face of this great man. And here in the Red Square before the Kremlin wall there lies his body, the crown and glory of a process which has captured the imagination of a multitude with the magic of a single name.

There is in Russia today a cult of Lenin. This cult has a two-fold significance. It is first of all a substitute for the tsar, and thus a new source of patriotism. In the old days, as you know, the tsar was an object of veneration. He was "the great white father" who held the devotion of all his people and thus embodied within his person the nation's life. Without the tsar the old Russia could not have been held together, and without Lenin at this hour the new Russia could not be held together. But this Lenin cult has a second significance. It is a substitute not only for the tsar but for God, and is thus a source of religion as well as of patriotism. I see in the Bolshevik attitude towards Lenin at this hour the beginning of a new religion. It is the religion of a man, to be sure, as Mohammedanism was for years the religion of a man, but it is a religion which leads, like all religions, ultimately to God, by whatever name he may be called and by whatever means he may be worshipped. Russia, we are told, is a godless land. Do not believe it! The old Christianity is no more. This Christianity, a mere travesty of the religion of Jesus, was a compound of ignorance, superstition and corruption, which would bring death to the soul of any people. Of this, thank God, the new soil of Russia is now swept clean, and in its place there springs up this new and strange religion which centers in a man who claimed to know and recognize no God, but who did unwittingly the word and work of God. What this religion, this cult of Lenin, may ultimately become, I do not know. It may well in time develop a new theology and harden into the iron rigidity of a new ecclesiasticism, but today it is the passion of a people and centers in the worship of him who brought them light and life. The Bolsheviki are all unaware of the religious aspects of what they are doing. Thanks to the long betrayal of religion by the Greek Orthodox Church, these Russians have long since lost all understanding of what religion is or ought to be. They would be the first to disclaim the spiritual significance of their work. But if the tomb of Lenin is not a shrine, and its holy ground, like Mecca, a place of pilgrimage, then I am myself ignorant of religion and know not the revelations of the spirit when I see them.

These are the thoughts which come into my mind as I think back upon that noble tomb where I paused in reverence before the body of Lenin. I feel now, as I felt then, that a divine necessity is upon us. Try as we will, we cannot escape the mystery of our origin and the equal mystery of our destiny. In the tomb of Lenin I see the beginning of Russia's new spiritual life. The Society of the Godless, with its millions of members in Russia, may spread far and wide the dry seeds of its atheism, but here in the Red Square, the center and soul of Bolshevik Russia, there stands this tomb, as the latest of all earth's sacred shrines, to confuse and confound them together. This tomb is the altar of a new religion; this altar is the temple of another faith; this faith is the promise of a greater God and a higher destiny for man.

In conclusion let me describe what was one of the great religious experiences of my life. It was on the last evening of my stay in Moscow. I had wandered into the Red Square, a few minutes before midnight, to hear the chimes within the Kremlin bell tower. Before me loomed the dark mass of Lenin's tomb. Behind the tomb was the Kremlin wall, looking down upon an area which it had guarded for ten bloody centuries. Behind the wall were golden domes and lofty towers shining like silver in the flood of moonlight which poured down upon the scene. Silently one by one upon the ramparts of the wall there passed the sentinels, their bayonets gleaming in the molten light. I waited for the hour to strike, watching the motionless guards before the portal of the tomb, or the domes upon Ivan's grotesque cathedral, or the great clock as clear as day upon the tower. Suddenly, above the shuffle of passing feet and the distant roar of the city, there sounded the twelve strokes of midnight. As the last tone died away it seemed as though for the first time a hush fell upon the square. Then quickly, after a long interval of silence, there came sounding through the night the music of the chiming bells as they rang the anthem of the "Internationale"—

"Arise, ye prisoners of starvation . . ."

In cascades of pealing sound, like music pouring from the heavens, the great hymn went flooding the vast spaces of the city. As I listened I thought I heard the voices not of angels but of all the tired toilers of all the ages gone, now at last made glad and free in the release of their brethren upon earth. Suddenly, as I looked at Lenin's tomb, it seemed as though out of darkness there sprang a flame to consume injustice and light the paths of men. And it *was* a flame, or very like a flame, for there, high up above the mausoleum, there floated, in one clear shaft of light, the Red flag.

The chimes were silent. I seemed to hear again the clamor of the city. The moon disappeared behind a looming dome, and Lenin's tomb was swallowed in great darkness. I turned back to the Square of the Revolution and my hotel, and as I saw the night slowly passing into the early dawn of the new day, I said to my comrade at my side, "This is religion, and Lenin is its prophet."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

On Hearing Langston Hughes

A Negro poet read to-night;
The orchestra was occupied
By people God appointed white,
Including me, who felt their pride.

Attuned to ears of darker hue,
His tones were soft as rain on moss;
But underneath the song I knew
The pain of one entitled "Cross".

How much of patience and of hope
His gently spoken words proclaimed
For burdened souls who strive and grope—
I left the hall rebuked, ashamed.

CHAPMAN J. MILLING

Gandhi As Iconoclast

Among all the distinguished personages who have visited these shores, Gandhi stands as the supreme enigma. Around his personality rage the strongest contradictions, or so it appears to us. Gandhi's presence has forced upon us a challenge we have hitherto refused to face. We are as afraid of this Indian saint as we are of Christianity; and probably for the same reason. Although we can "find no fault in him," his presence made us strangely uncomfortable. We would like to say: "Why cannot India be at peace? We wish her well, and cannot believe that our rule is really oppressive." But Gandhi says otherwise, puts against our good intentions cold facts, and in the name of the Indian people, the starving millions of that great country, demands justice.

Accordingly he made us uneasy. He stood in our midst like an electric battery—very innocent looking, but capable of giving unpleasant shocks. So far his shocks have been mild. But we had better beware, for he is no mere dreamer, this Indian saint. In 1913 he led a movement in South Africa which baffled and defeated all the statesmen of that country. He has led the biggest mass movements ever known in India, while his personal following is today larger than that of any living person.

I have seen quite important people smile, somewhat amusedly, I am afraid, at his person, and at his utterances, made in such measured, well-pronounced, slowly delivered sentences; but I have imagined that many of them have nevertheless felt something which made them not quite sure of themselves. They could not make up their minds about him. And that, I am afraid, is rather the point of view which many in authority adopt regarding Gandhi. I hope they do not treat him too lightly, for they may get a surprise.

For we must not forget that this strange little man was able to compel the powerful British Empire to release him from prison, to arrange an armistice with him, and almost to implore him to attend the Round Table Conference. That he should wander round our streets bare-legged, clad in a few yards of cotton cloth, live amongst the poorest of the poor, and yet be able to command the attention of the mightiest in the land, is enough to confound us. It is the knowledge that this frail Indian, always gentle and courteous, always simple and truthful, carries in his soul the heart-cry of a great nation, and at the same time the power to break up the British Empire, which makes him at once the greatest enigma and the greatest iconoclast that has ever trod our English soil.

Of simple habits and direct speech, easy to approach, with wide sympathies and attachments, it is difficult to grasp that this half-clad figure speaks for a vast continent—in some things for 300,000,000 people, in others for a smaller number—and that were he to decide that this country does not intend to give to India what she feels is her undoubted right, he could and would forthwith start a movement in India which might very soon terminate our rule in that country.

On one of the evenings when Gandhi addressed a meeting of M.P.s at the House of Commons, a prominent Tory remarked to me that he did not think Gandhi was "getting it across." But at the close of the meeting I observed that not a few Tory M.P.s were anxious to secure Gandhi's autograph. I was also surprised to see seasoned press men lining up for the same purpose, for I was under the impression that these men, at any rate, were immune from the spells of greatness.

But about one thing I had often wondered: Did this Indian saint ever become angry, ever get on fire, ever give off sparks?

I got my answer at the House of Commons meeting above referred to. Gandhi was asked whether he was prepared to see certain cotton factory extensions, which were instanced, stopped by reason of Congress regulations governing the sale of machine-made cloth. This concerned a matter about which Gandhi feels very strongly, viz., the development of hand-spinning and hand-weaving in the villages of India, as a means of increasing the wealth of the poverty-stricken peasantry until such times as India is in a position to change her taxation system and revolutionize her agricultural methods. At once Gandhi bristled. In a trice his head shot up of the folds of cotton in which it had previously been half-buried, and ejaculated an imperious, "I am!"

A new atmosphere prevailed. For a moment we saw a new Gandhi—Gandhi the leader of the Congress Party, and of the millions of India's starving hosts. Nay, it was no longer Gandhi we saw, but the spirit of the new India of whose emergence so few of us even yet appear to be aware.

WILFRED WELLOCK.
(Ex. M. P. Stourbridge, England.)

Wonderment

"In what a world we live!" we sigh and say;
Knowing so little of the world, indeed,
The common wayside pebble, or the weed
That we have rooted up, and thrown away,
Were our's to wonder at, and search for aye
Would we their uttermost of meaning read!
This, the irrefutable miracle of seed!
And this, the refutation of decay.

And we ourselves, receptacles of will,
Fragile as any circumstance may be,
And evanescent as the spray the sea
Throws star-ward, claims again, and star-ward still
Lifts endlessly; in what a world we live
Who have such sense of wonderment to give.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

Gandhi

Like some Himalayan, lone peak on high,
Arrayed in clouds, snow-crowned above the sky;
Where ice-pearled rocks, wild glaciers deep ensnare,
And warns the most adventurous one beware,
Yet sends pure streams below to quench the thirst
Of millions in the crowded cities cursed.
So Gandhi, high among the sons of men,
Stands a majestic spirit, patient friend;
The power of self-mastery he knows;
Affection like a river overflows
For all mankind—his enemies and friends,
Uninterrupted stream from source to end;
His dignity supreme, his poise, his grace
Reflects the smile of God upon his face.

—*Emma Conkright.*

The Christian

Correspondence

Professor Macintosh on War

[An Important Letter]

Editor of UNITY:

In your signed article entitled, "Unbind the Conscience of the People," in your January 18th issue, along with many statements with which I can heartily agree, you assert that I will never oppose another war, that I have offered no theoretical objections to war as such, that in any future war that seems to me equally justified with the recent World War I will be willing to kill as many of my fellowmen as my bayonet and bombs can reach, and that my case has consequently no moral value.

Will you kindly take your readers into your confidence, Mr. Editor, and let us all know just how you have secured this seemingly supernatural information? It may be, as you intimate, that I am not very "clear-cut" in my thinking, and, if that be the case, probably that is why I cannot see that you have the right to conclude so much as to what I would do from my careful minimum statement of what I would not do.

I find on consulting my records that in a statement written in June, 1929, for the information of the Judge of the United States District Court at New Haven I said,

> I am not certain that under no possible circumstances would I support a defensive war. [By what logic can this be made to mean that I would support any future so-called "defensive war"?] At the same time I am very strongly of the opinion that no events are likely to occur within my lifetime such as would justify a declaration of war on the part of the United States of America. Moreover I am in agreement with the best judgment of well-informed persons that any major war in the future would be so absolutely disastrous to the human race that it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the importance of our doing everything that can reasonably be done now to secure the future peace of the world. To this end it has seemed to me that full freedom to oppose unjustified war is of the first importance.

I have repeatedly said I would support any war I could regard as morally justified, but would not you, Mr. Editor, support a war if you believed it to be morally justified? Have I ever in recent years named any specific war which I could regard as morally justified? I have repeatedly pointed out the distinction between a just cause and a just cause *for war*. It does not follow, because China has a just cause for complaint against Japan, that she is or would be morally justified in going to war with that country. A war may be morally unjustified for any one of a variety of reasons. (1) Its cause may be in itself unjust; or (2) while its cause may be just, all other possible ways of securing justice may not have been exhausted; or (3) it may be improbable that justice will be secured by having recourse to war; or (4) it may be better to suffer many an injustice than to cause the injustice and other evils that would be involved, incidentally, in going to war.

While the World War was on I did believe that Great Britain and Canada had been morally justified in entering the war on behalf of France and Belgium, and that the United States was morally justified, in view of the Allies' refusal to consider "peace without victory," in going into the war to bring the war to an end more speedily and at the same time secure the future freedom and peace of the world. But why should it be supposed that I can have learned nothing since 1918? As a matter of fact, while I am no historian I am of the opinion that weighty reasons may be found for doubting whether the United States has been morally justified in going to war, not only in the Mexican War, but in any one of her six historic wars. The cause of "no taxation without representation" was a just cause, but is it certain that the American colonists could not have secured democratic government without going to war for it, as the English people themselves have secured it since 1776? America may have had cause for dissatisfaction with England in 1812, but did that justify morally the invasion of Canada, and did the war settle the matter in dispute? It was not even mentioned in the treaty of peace. There undoubtedly was ground for dissatisfaction with the rule of Spain in Cuba and the destruction of the *Maine* was a great shock to the American people; but we now know that Spain offered to arbitrate everything, and one is tempted to compare the action of the United States in that instance with the action of Austria toward Servia in precipitating war after the assassinations at Sarajevo. This leaves the Civil War and the World War to be considered. Are we quite certain that the abolition of slavery could not have been achieved, as it was achieved in many other countries, without recourse to war? And can we be sure that, if Colonel House had not made to the Allies certain conditional predictions or virtual promises of American assistance, they would not have turned a more favorable ear to President Wilson's appeal for "peace without victory"?

In short, had the principles now formulated for us in the Briand-Kellogg pact been followed by this nation in the months preceding each of its historic wars, I am not sure but that every one of those wars might have been happily avoided. And with this thought in mind I am free to repeat what I have said before, that I think it extremely improbable that there will arise within my lifetime circumstances under which the United States would be morally justified in declaring war.

Why then do I not become an absolute or unconditional pacifist? Why do I hesitate to say that never under any possible circumstances would I support the use of armed force? Perhaps you would say, Mr. Editor, that if I were more "clear-cut" in my thinking, I should know more, and that if I knew more, I should be an absolute pacifist. Something like that does seem to be the trouble. I feel that *I don't know enough* about the future and its possibilities *to be an absolute pacifist*. It seems to me that just as the use of physical force by our police may under certain possible circumstances be justified, so there may arise circumstances which would justify the use of military or naval force for national or international police purposes. I am inclined to think that when the fundamentally pacifistic Ramsay MacDonald sent British troops to Palestine to keep the Arabs from slaughtering the relatively defenseless Jews, he was morally justified in so doing. And I cannot be sure that a similar situation, in which the use of armed force would be morally justified, might not occur again.

It will be hard enough presumably, when the time for decision comes, to tell what we ought to do; it is still more difficult to make an intelligent absolute promise so far ahead of the time and without any exact knowledge of the actual situation we may have to confront. We can, of course, express beforehand the principle to which we give our allegiance and to which we may hope we will have courage enough to be faithful when the time for action comes. One can promise to be guided by whatever may seem to be, when the time comes, for the highest well-being, not of one's own nation alone, but of humanity in general, or of everyone likely to be affected by the consequences of one's action. This I did not refuse to do. I said I was willing to pledge allegiance to the United States, but not with the understanding that in doing so I was promising readiness, in my future obedience to any future American government, to act against conscience, the will of God, or the highest welfare of the world.

I cannot but feel, Mr. Editor, that it is no universally valid moral principle, but a rather doctrinaire pacifism, which leads you to say of my position on this matter that it "has no moral value."

DOUGLAS C. MACINTOSH

Yale Divinity School,
New Haven, Conn.

[Note: Professor Macintosh honors UNITY with this very full and clear statement of his position on war, written in a spirit of courtesy and good will which should be a model to us all. It is our feeling, however, that what he writes, elaborately confirms our original statement.

In his one direct question addressed to us, Professor Macintosh says, "Would not you, Mr. Editor, support a war if you believed it to be morally justified?" To this we answer, No! for the simple reason that we do not believe that any war can be morally justified. A war, just because it is a war, is morally damnable, and therefore we would have nothing to do with it.

This is just the difference between our position and

Professor Macintosh's position as defined in our original statement. Professor Macintosh would support a war if he felt that it was morally justified. He even seems to suggest that the moral distinction lies in the question as to the declaration of war—whether his own country declares it, or some other country declares it against his country. Such distinctions seem to us to be specious and futile. Our position, in contrast, is the absolutist one. We would not support a war under any circumstances. In the present desperate situation of the world, we cannot help thinking that this position is the only one which has moral value and effectiveness. The Briand-Kellogg Treaty has made war as such a crime; the conscience of mankind must now make it a sin.—Editor]

The Study Table

Religion: A Varied Sheaf

Two very interesting books on the new approach to religion; one written from the ultra-orthodox and one from the ethical viewpoint provide the opening sections in this discussion of a varied sheaf of volumes upon kindred themes, remarkable as an illustration of the divergencies in the minds of men upon the relationship of religion to the common life and bid us pray "that realizing that divergencies of faith and belief are of Thine implanting, O God—do Thou strengthen us to become nearer in tolerance, charity and brotherly love."

The first volume[1] is "Christian Faith and Life" by the Most Reverend William Temple, Archbishop of York. In a recent review H. M. Kallen senses a turn to the right in the new generation. If this be so there is little evidence of it in this volume. The chapters of the book were originally lectures delivered at St. Mary's Church, Oxford—and deal with such themes as The Place of Christ in History, The Holy Spirit in Life, Is There a Moral Standard, Prayer and Sacrament, etc., etc.

Admittedly there is ample evidence of that scholarship which is always present in the written address of the educated Englishman and pragmatically every clergyman may benefit in that the orthodox minister will get some fresh ideas, plus enforcement of his preconceived prejudices and the liberal minister will find sufficient material to annoy him and to arouse his combative instincts. There is for instance this sentence in the lecture on The Place of Christ in History, "Remember that Christianity is not first and foremost, a religion, it is first and foremost a revelation." Imagine the effect of this sentence upon Dr. Lewis Browne. If it be true the reflection of the revelation is but dim in this war and depression ridden day.

There is nothing new in the lecture but much that is controversial. The two lectures of greatest general interest are those on Is There a Moral Standard, and The Christian Society. The lecture on Is There a Moral Standard is a masterly attempt to face both ways in the matter of the old and the new approach to sexual morality. It is hardly calculated to engender wise leadership on the part of embryonic ministers, rather thin reflection of the pitiful Denver compromise of recent days.

Here are two excerpts from the lecture on The Christian Society. Speaking of Christ, Dr. Temple says,

> When His visible Presence was withdrawn from men's sight, what was left as the fruit of the ministry? Not a formulated creed, not a body of writings in which a new philosophy of life was expounded, but a group of men and women who found themselves knit together in a fellowship closer than any they had known.

Later, "It is certainly true that no man can be a good Christian by himself,"—i. e. he needs the Church and Church organization with its creeds and its dogmas. A capable interpretation of orthodoxy this book is of value to liberal religionists as an exemplification of the fact that what many feel to be outworn shibboleths still have virility, not alone in Dayton, Tennessee, but also at Oxford, England.

The second book is "Consolations"[2] by Alfred W. Martin and it is an attempt to deal with much the same problems from a purely ethical point of view. Moreover there is superficial similarity in that these chapters too, were originally lectures given before the Society for Ethical Culture during the past three years.

Alfred Martin deals with the resurrection, the evidences of soul in man, the development of spirituality, the final aim of human life, etc. Rejecting in his findings the physical resurrection of Jesus—he finds Christianity to have been rooted in the attempt at the attainment of the spiritual life. A reasonable and reasoned conclusion the which does not preclude the search for the same ideals by Buddhist, Jew or Ethical Culturist. While the liberal religionist will follow most of Mr. Martin's argumentation with sympathy there is a very marked evidence of cold intellectuality the which seems to be inseparable from an attempt to delete emotion from religious disputation. That we live too much by our emotions these days is indisputable, that we can induce men to lead "the higher life" by eliminating emotion is doubtful. The most human lecture is that on The Final Aim of Human Life, not a discussion of immortality but a discussion of the potentialities of this earthly life.

> We must keep climbing, and we must get tired, and we must have moments for rest, moments for self-examination and self-collecting, moments in which there can look down upon us the inspiring picture of the infinitely perfect to which we tend.

Somewhat vague but very beautiful and infinitely more hopeful than Dr. Temple's suggestion that membership of a church is a *sine qua non.*

"The Taproot of Religion and Its Fruitage"[3] by Charles F. Sanders, is a book of greater value than either of the foregoing, however much one may agree with Mr. Martin's amiable but minor philosophizing. Here is an able and eloquent plea for the religious viewpoint as opposed to the mechanistic-scientific philosophy.

Seven reasoned and intensely interesting chapters are as follows: Religion, Its Place in Experience, Its Research Agent, Its Proving Ground, Its Ally in the Mechanical Order, Its Unifying Agent, Its Institutional Form, The Master of Civilization.

The earlier chapters build up in an extremely scholarly and yet eminently readable fashion a case

1. "Christian Faith in Life." By the Most Reverend William Temple, Archbishop of York. Published by the Macmillan Company. $1.50.

2. "Consolations." By Alfred W. Martin. Published by D. Appleton and Company. $1.00.

3. "The Taproot of Religion and Its Fruitage." By Charles F. Sanders. Published by the Macmillan Company. $2.00.

which finds ultimate and exceedingly wise expression in the sentences in the chapter on Its Institutional Form which are herein quoted:

Summarizing our argument in this chapter, we find that the taproot of religion has grown sickly from the formalism within the Church. The corrective principle comes from the spiritual nature of the mystic witness. What we need to guard against is the substitution of loyalty to the institution for loyalty to God. It is more difficult to do, because of its subjective complications, but its modes of procedure are the same as in the sciences. The divisions of organization encumber the work. Practical wisdom should produce a higher efficiency by organizing for the task rather than for the maintenance of decadent forms. This must happen. Religion will survive. The Church that will carry on will be the Church which will adapt itself to the needs and temper of the age. This does not mean that the temper of the age will strangle religion. What it does mean is that the age will find God as the solution of its own problems.

In the final chapter the author defines religion unhappily and quite unnecessarily as "Christianity." All that he has said before coincides with viewpoint of Jew and Gentile and his final limitation, though understandable is, because of the nature of his contribution, regrettable. Albeit this is an eminently worthwhile contribution to the philosophy of religion.

For the fourth and final volume of this varied sheaf one would discuss "Overstatement in the New Testament."[4] It is a book which must "search the innermost soul" of any conscientious reviewer. The writer is Claude C. Douglass, Professor of Greek in the University of Southern California. It is one thing to condemn a modern sex novel in scathing terms or to damn with faint praise some inocuous philosophizing —it is quite another thing to take a book of this kind, obviously the resultant of painstaking research and laborious effort and condemn it wholeheartedly. Nevertheless, this is the oft-time painful task which reviewing involves. The widespread myth of a lifework dismissed by an incompetent reviewer is a challenge omnipresent in the heart of any man dealing with serious literature. When all this has been said, not as an *apologia pro vita sua* but as an earnest of conscientious deliberation, your reviewer is impelled to say that this book renders disservice rather than impetus to religious striving, wheresoever it is being made.

Its thesis is that

Truth will prevail no matter what obstacles may be put in its way; but it will go farther and win faster when given the wings of extravagant forms of speech.

Your reviewer's contention is that this thesis is in the widest sense of the word "immoral." It contains the germ of that dogmatism which has been through the generations and still is the bane and curse of religious disputation. The author insists that the New Testament writers should not be discredited for having exaggerated the facts, but rather praised for so doing, as this exaggeration was a logical expression of their emotions.

What a vast storehouse of material the author provides for Mr. Lewis, of the American Free Thought Association or for McCabe, of England, and how little he gives to the minister or earnest student of religion seeking conscientiously to reconcile religious disputation to the mechanistic-scientific philosophy of the day.

It is almost futile to give illustrations, when one is violently opposed to the whole thesis around which the book is builded, but one or two will suffice.

We have left all and have followed Thee. Mark 10:28.

This has often been taken to mean that all the disciples gave up all their business, occupations, properties and families to follow Jesus. This is a harsh judgment and one altogether unnecessary. The word all here as in so many cases an exaggeration.

Anyone who would in either biblical or secular reading determine otherwise might well be said to have an infantile (or may be a High School) knowledge of English usage. The method is the Talmudic method of splitting hairs albeit the Talmudists usually parted company on philosophy rather than tautology.

Let no one think that if he had absolutely authentic accounts of every word and deed of Jesus he would then know the truth. He would thereby know only facts. To know the truth he must have an inner experience; for while facts may be known, truth must be felt, experienced, believed.

There can be no quarrel with this statement but the question involved is to what extent the insight is bettered by the substitution of one set of words for another. Verily—upon a distorted thesis a mountain of distorted material may be builded.

When religion is satisfied with the simple truth and needs no apologist to rise up and defend its hyperboles and its travesties—religious amity will be nearer and religious values find sympathetic response in the hearts and minds of men.

Assuredly these four books testify to "varieties of religious thinking" with apologies to James. Taken together they provide generous stimulation to "humility" in religious disputation, in itself a quality woefully lacking and much to be desired.

EMANUEL STERNHEIM.

4. "Overstatement in the New Testament." By Claude C. Douglass. Published by Henry Holt and Company. $1.75.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 330)

Ramsay MacDonald

"India is a place of enchantment. It baffles you; it enthrals you. It is like a lover who plays with your affections. There is something hidden in its heart which you will never know. It is maddening in its imperturbability, in its insistency. You feel insignificant before it, just as a decently-minded prize-fighter would feel insignificant before a saint. The difference which separates you from it cannot be bridged. This is characteristic of everything Indian. India centered in the universal is pantheistic and communist; the West centered in the particular is theistic and individualist. The difference is, therefore, in the essential nature of things. Thus, your attempts to understand, thwarted, laughed at, denied every time, become maddening. India eludes you to the last."

Sir Francis Younghusband

"Amid all the murkiness and strife of life, it is unto the hills that men turn their eyes. And it is to the Himalaya that the Indians have ever turned for inspiration. And there, as they cast their eyes today, they see the dawn which is now awakening. The beautiful star-lit night is passing. The first rays are just touching the pure mountain-summits. Breaking over India is the dawn of a great Hope. And Indians now behold it."—*Dawn in India.*

Sir William Jones

"It is impossible to read the Vedant or the many fine compositions in illustration of it, without believing that Pythagoras and Plato derived their sublime theories from the same fountain with the sages of India."

Victor Cousin

"When we read with attention the poetical and philosophical monuments of the East, above all those of India, which are beginning to spread in Europe, we discover there many a truth and truths so profound and which make such contrast with the meanness of the results at which European genius has sometimes stopped, that we are constrained to bend the knee before the philosophies of the East and to see in this cradle of the human race the native land of the highest philosophy."

Friedrich Schlegel

"Even the loftiest philosophy of the

Europeans, the idealism of reason, as it is set forth by the Greek philosophers appears in comparison with the abundant light and vigor of Oriental idealism like a feeble Promethean spark in the full blood of heavenly glory of the noon-day sun, faltering and feeble and ever ready to be extinguished. The Divine origin of man is continually inculcated to stimulate his efforts to return, to animate him in the struggle and incite him to consider a re-union and re-corporation with Divinity as the one primary object of every action and exertion."

Schopenhauer

"In the whole world there is no study so beneficial and so elevating as the Upanishada. It has been the solace of my life, it will be the solace of my death."

Max Muller

"If I were to look over the whole world to find out the country most richly endowed with all the wealth, power and beauty that nature can bestow—in some parts a very paradise on earth—I should point to India. If I were asked under what sky the human mind has most fully developed some of its choicest gifts, has most deeply pondered on the greatest problems of life, and has found solutions of some of them which well deserve the attention of even those who have studied Plato and Kant—I should point to India."

Stanley Baldwin

"Far away in time in the dawn of the State the greatest race of the many races then emerging from prehistoric mists was the great Aryan race. When that race left the country which it occupied in the western part of Central Asia one great branch moved West, and in the course of their wanderings they founded the states of Athens and Sparta; they founded Rome; they made Europe, and in the veins of the principal nations of Europe flows the blood of their Aryan forefathers. The speech of the Aryans which they brought with them has spread throughout Europe. It has spread to America. It has spread to the Dominions beyond the seas. At the same time one branch went South, and they crossed the Himalayas. They went into the Punjab and they spread through India, and as an historic fact ages ago there stood side by side in their ancestral land the ancestors of the English people and the ancestors of the Rajputs and the Brahmins."

Sir John Woodroffe

"India is not a mere geographical expression nor a mere congeries of people, who happen to be on this particular part of the Earth's surface, but who might as well have been elsewhere. India is an Idea. It is a particular Shakti, the Bharata Shakti, distinguished from all others by her own peculiar nature and qualities. No home is a truly Indian Home, which is not Her expression. The basis of all culture and the maker of all nationality is Religion. This is the root and trunk of the great Tree of Life with many branches, amongst which the chief are those of Philosophy and Art, of Knowledge and Beauty. May the great and wonderful antique life of India be re-born in the forms of today."

Does Youth Favor Disarmament?

If this question could be answered by the student vote in one eastern college, the answer would be overwhelmingly "Yes." At the close of "disarmament week" at Amherst College last Friday a poll was taken in student chapel to determine the actual results of the complete discussion of this subject which had been sponsored during the week by the undergraduates. There are at present 636 students at Amherst. Of this number, 533, or 83.8 per cent, participated in the voting. The results were heavily in favor of disarmament either complete or in part, since these two plans received the approval of 97 per cent of the voting student body. Only 17 favored continuing complete armament. Another outstanding result of the poll was the approval of the participation of the United States in the League of Nations by a favorable vote of 78.2 per cent of the undergraduates. Of the 533 students voting, 226 signified that they would not participate in combative service in future wars. The complete results of the poll are as follows:

Question 1: "If all nations join in similar reductions of military and naval establishments intended for use against each other, how much disarmament would you favor?" The answers were: Complete, 300,or 56.5 per cent; partial, 214, or 40.3 percent; none, 17, or 3.2 per cent.

Question 2: "Do you favor the American delegation to Geneva disarmament conference taking the initiative in calling upon all nations to join us in reducing armaments?" The answers were: Yes, 468, or 89.5 per cent; no, 55, or 10.5 per cent.

Question 3: "Do you favor reducing our armaments without regard to contemporary actions by other governments?" The answers were: Yes, 107, or 20.5 per cent; no, 417, or 79 per cent.

Question 4: "Do you favor American membership in the League of Nations?" The answers: Yes, 410, or 78.2 per cent; no, 114, or 21.8 per cent.

Question 5: "Would you participate in combatant service in a future war involving the United States in any circumstances?" The answers: Yes, 248, or 52.3 per cent; no, 226, or 47.7 per cent.

Question 6: "Would you participate in combatant service in a future war involving the United States before every possible step had been taken to secure settlement through impartial arbitration of the question at issue?" The answers: Yes, 112, or 22.2 per cent; no, 392, or 77.8 per cent.

Question 7: "Do you favor compulsory military training in colleges?" The answers: Yes, 52, or 9.8 per cent; no, 479, or 90.2 per cent.

If the mirage of war glory and heroism no longer appeals to youth, it is the best news that has come out of the colleges these many years. Congratulations to Amherst on its "disarmament week" and the results of its student poll! —*Zion's Herald*

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